

ISSUE 13

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STAR REACH





17 July 1978
Berkeley, CA

Yep, we're late. Three months or so. An important contributor finked out at the last minute and it was impossible to cover for them until now. And after the disastrous embarrassment of our last issue, I wasn't about to rush anything out until I had a package I could be proud of again.

We've overcome a lot of our early printing problems (by shifting to a more expensive press and paperstock) on our color sections. And some fine art from Steve Leialoha to justify the expense, along with the beginnings of what he promises to be an engaging story.

Dean Motter and Ken Steacy wrap up their acclaimed "Sacred and Profane" serial this issue with more graphic appeal and depth of character than ever before. And Gray Lyda picks up again with his imaginative "Tempus Fugit" series, which will be continued over the next two issues.

You'll all note on our inside back cover that rabbit ears have been replaced by letter columns. I'm getting tired of trying to fill up this space by myself. I hope there will be something worth writing about.

See you soon (in fact, in just a couple of seconds, since I move on now to the STAR* REACH #14 editorial page, since release of the two issues is nigh simultaneous).

Mike Friedrich

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Contributions are not encouraged, though eventually read; warning: no return postage and it'll be trashed.

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ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, EXCEPT FOR PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

the Sacred and the profane



The questions of purpose which have troubled me during our journey through the heavens disappear in the grip of our immediate plight and the necessity of essential action. And yet, paradoxically, they present themselves, large and inglorious, as the very source of that plight. That it has come to this less exalted state is tragic. That we attend in confusion and fear is shameful.

The harrowing physical and spiritual adventure we now endure has divided sentiment aboard St. Catherine's quite sharply. It seems we are reduced to the merest of functions. While the crew and technical staff insist upon the most efficient kinds of solutions, the clergy seek to preserve the decorum of character and purpose. The rift grows deeper and more severe with each passing hour. This dichotomy has produced only confrontation and aversion. Must we, like Thomas Beckett, make the choice between aesthetics and expediency? Or can a truer solution be invoked in prayer?

If we have any hope of salvation, I think, it will not be dispatched by our technicians, our clergy... or even Joshua. It will be an Act of God. Propriety and effectiveness will not be issues. God is a spirit, must be worshipped in spirit, and shall certainly act in spirit.

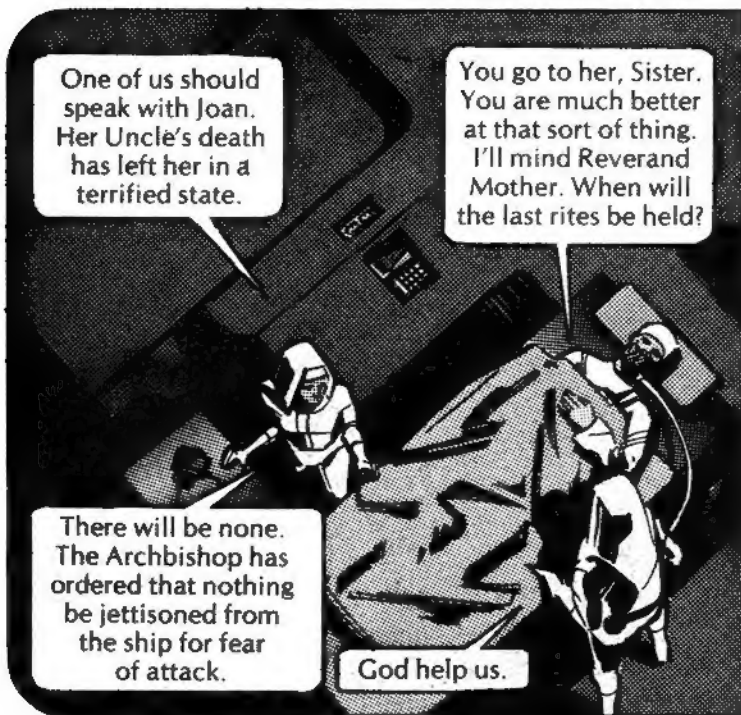
I recall a conversation between the Mother Superior, Eric, and myself. We were speculating on the possible nature of life we hoped to encounter when we reached the source of the Andromeda signals. In spite of his analytics, in spite of his tendency to reduce to the simplest geometries, Eric understood the mystical optimism required to carry out this mission successfully. At times he would indicate the mission might be in vain, that the Andromeda race may have been extinct long before our Lord and Saviour came to Earth. At other times he would speak of spiritual pretension, which always raised Mother Anais' ire a bit. Of course no one has been able to determine what Eric's own hopes are—but he always considers humility in his prognostications.

Humility is the very basis of grace. And it should be the true and solid foundation of one's soul. We must receive our deliverance with that humility and we must preserve it at all costs. I wonder, though, if by any stretch of our weary imaginations this vessel can be considered the creation of charity—or if it is, in reality an idol. "Every idol, however exalted, turns out in the long run, to be a Moloch, hungry for human sacrifice."

pronunciato: final deliverance

author
Dean Motter

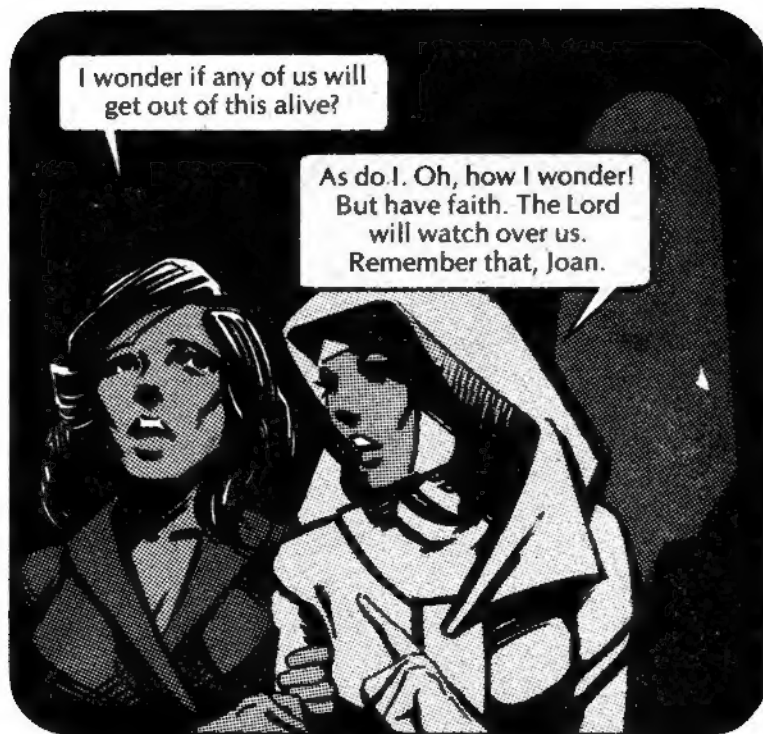
illustrator
Ken Steacy





I've been very unkind to you in the past. I regret that now. I regret so many things. I hope you know that.

I do.



I wonder if any of us will get out of this alive?

As do I. Oh, how I wonder! But have faith. The Lord will watch over us. Remember that, Joan.



David! What is the matter? What's wrong?



Sister, I-uh, I...

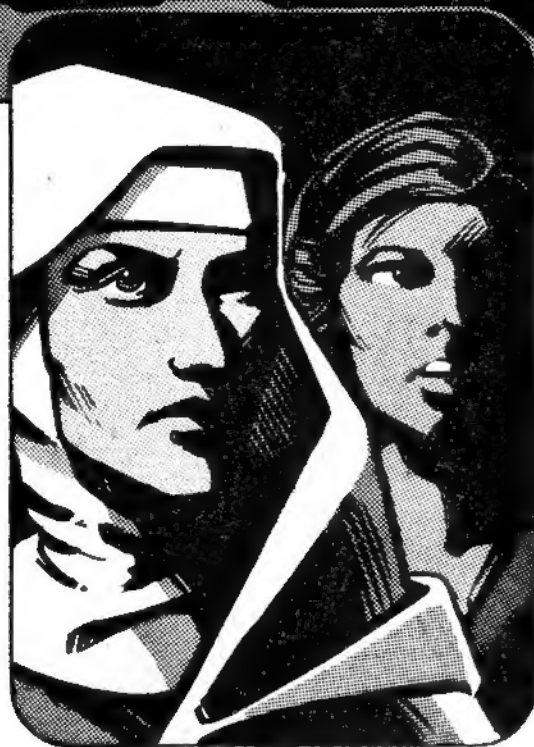
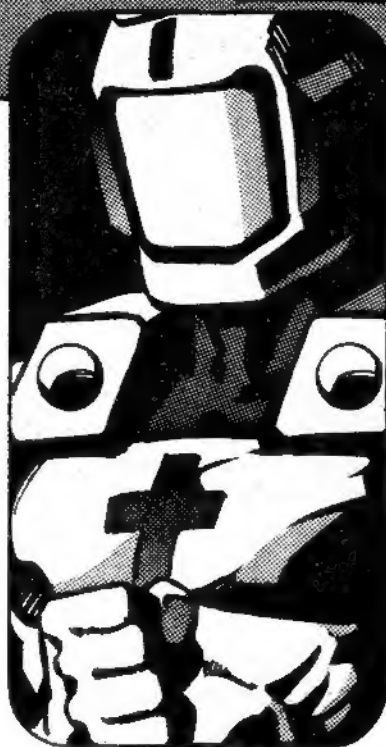
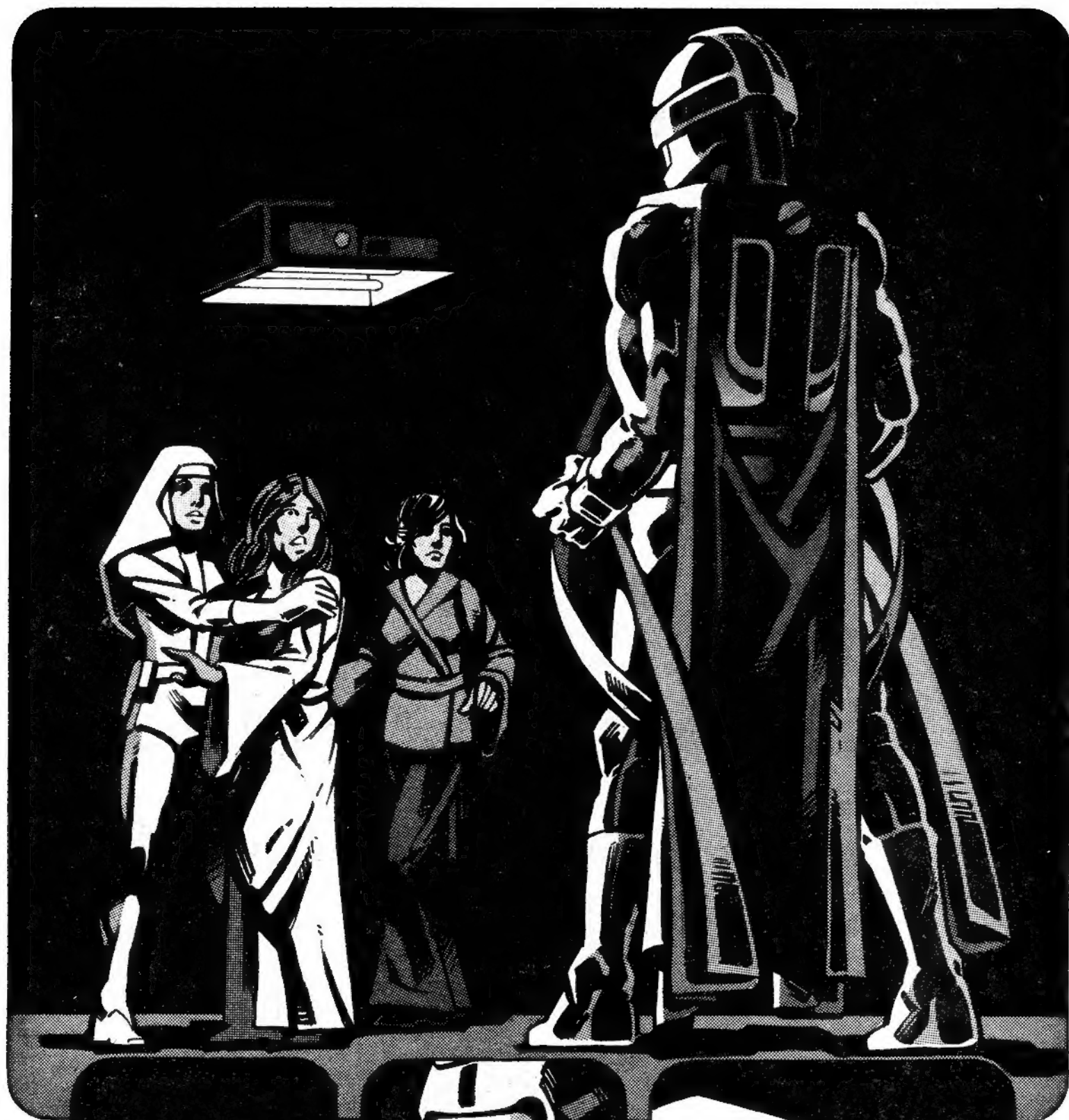


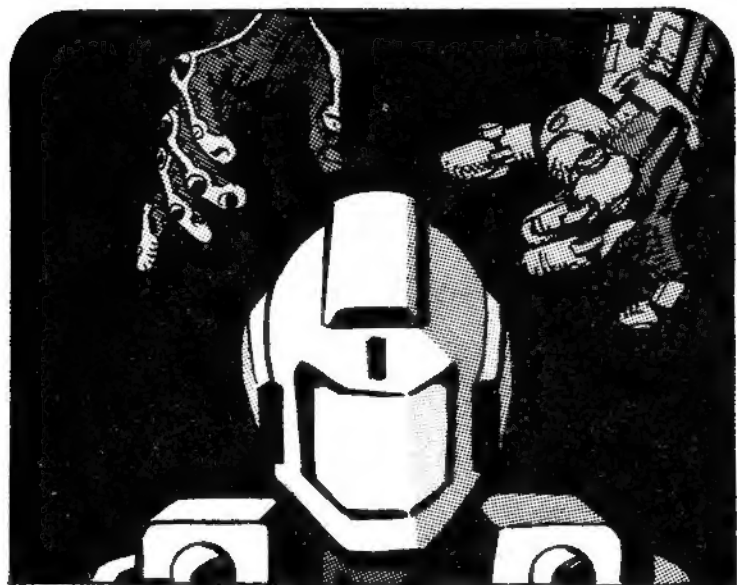
It's Joshua! and Franklin! he killed him! I saw him kill the— I saw him kill Franklin! I saw him— I saw—



David, calm down!

Joshua...

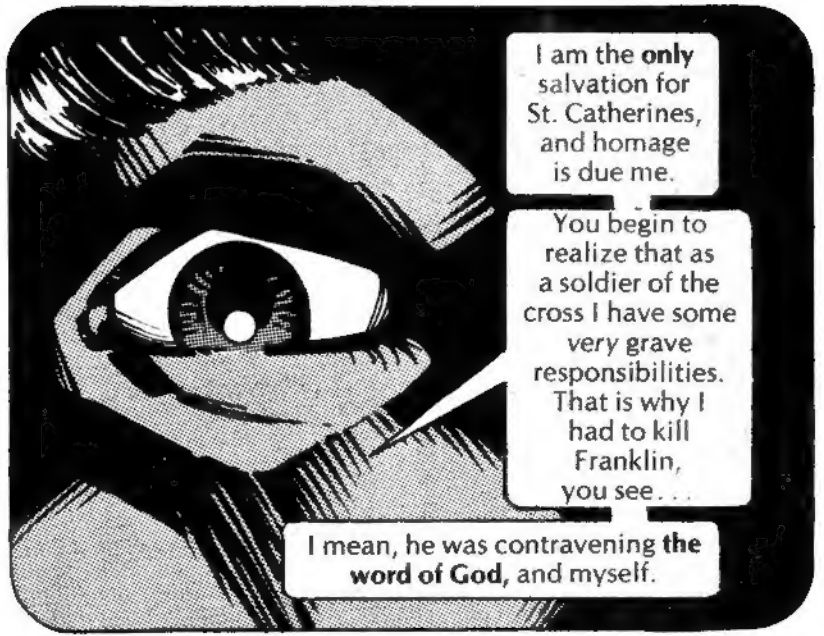








I think it best that you *remain* on your knees.



I am the **only** salvation for St. Catherines, and homage is due me.

You begin to realize that as a soldier of the cross I have some very grave responsibilities. That is why I had to kill Franklin, you see . . .

I mean, he was contravening the **word of God**, and myself.



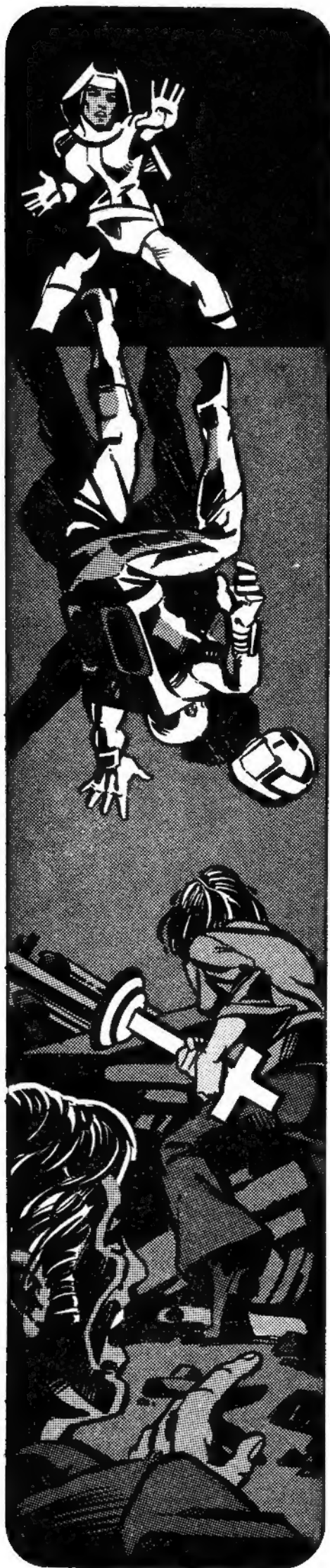
I assume he didn't *realize* that God has sent me to deliver us from the evil that now surrounds us. But he is forgiven.

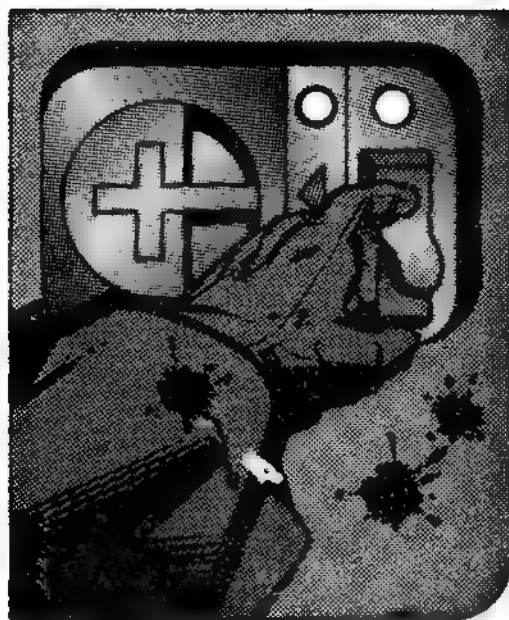
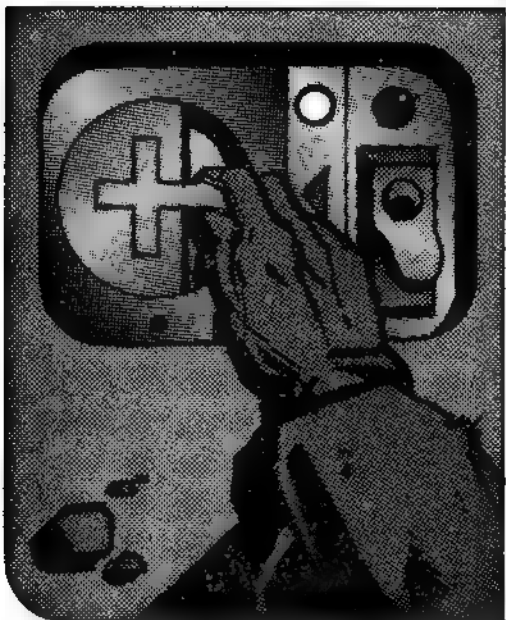
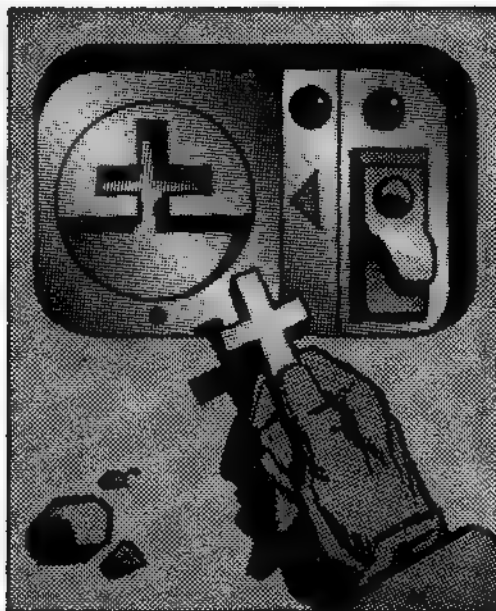
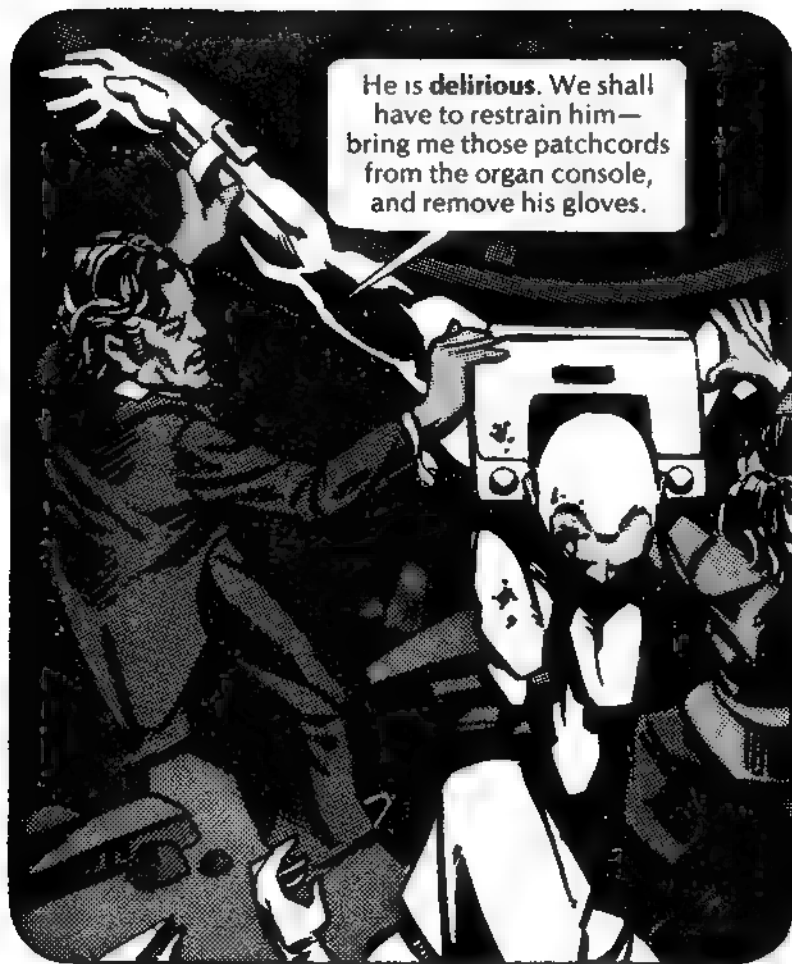
Oh, you poor fools. I pity you. I *have* mercy on you. In nine days we shall all be rewarded. *Can you grasp the truth?* Nine days, and we shall be the **first** living beings to enter Heaven, alive, since **Jesus Christ!** I have done this for us! My visions have been clear. Like St. George I must slay the Dragon.

I must *redeem* Lucifer. I must find the cold biology of Babylon— the vortex of glory. The books will be entrusted to my care and protection . . .

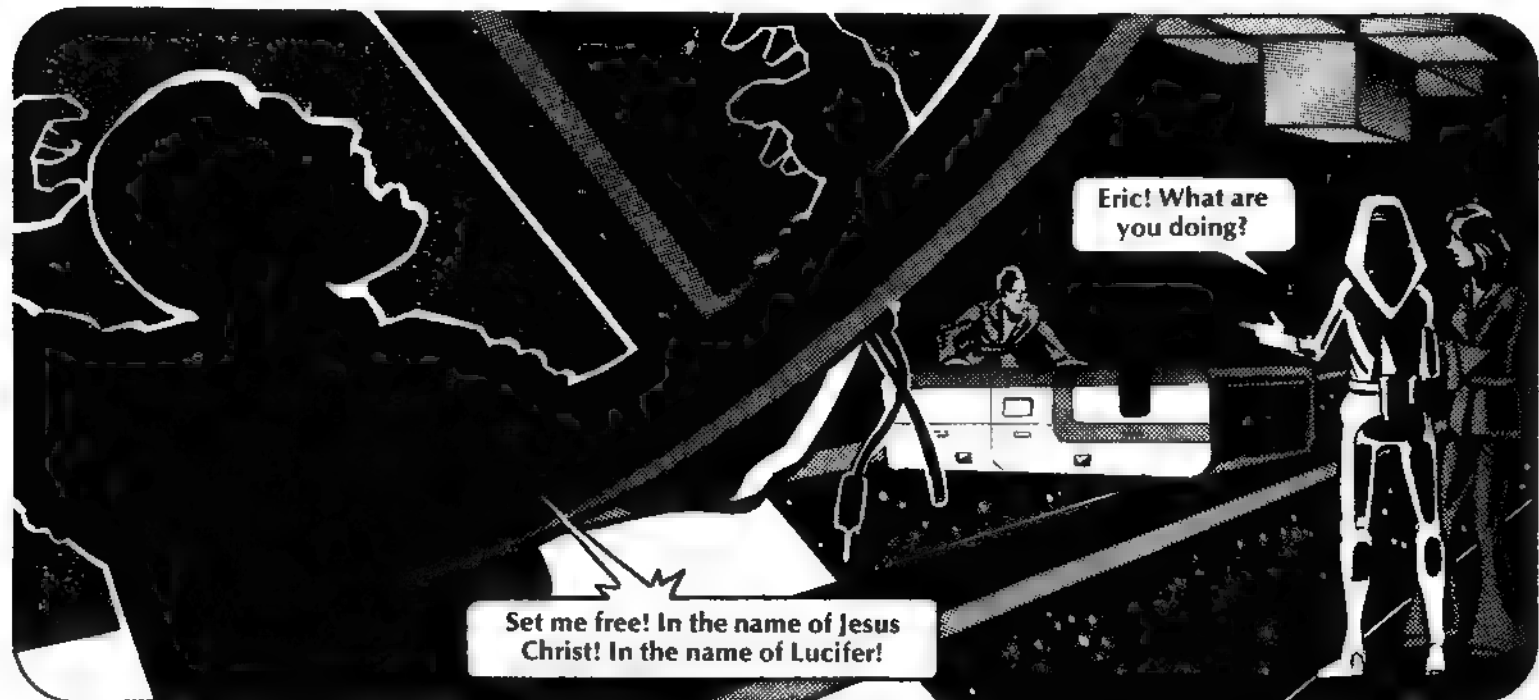
These are the things I have seen! I am the one to fulfill the prophesy, you see. The soldier sent to Heaven. The Angel—choirs will **welcome** me, the cherubim and the seraphim. The war between Heaven and Hell. I shall lead the Angels to victory, to the sea—







ATTENTION... ATTENTION... AUTO-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE ENGAGED..... 100 SECONDS AND COUNTING... IMPLEMENT EMERGENCY EVACUATION PROCEDURES... ATTENTION.. ATTENTION



Eric! What are you doing?

Set me free! In the name of Jesus Christ! In the name of Lucifer!



Get in quickly-

We've no time!

Franklin will hear of this Eric, I promise you!

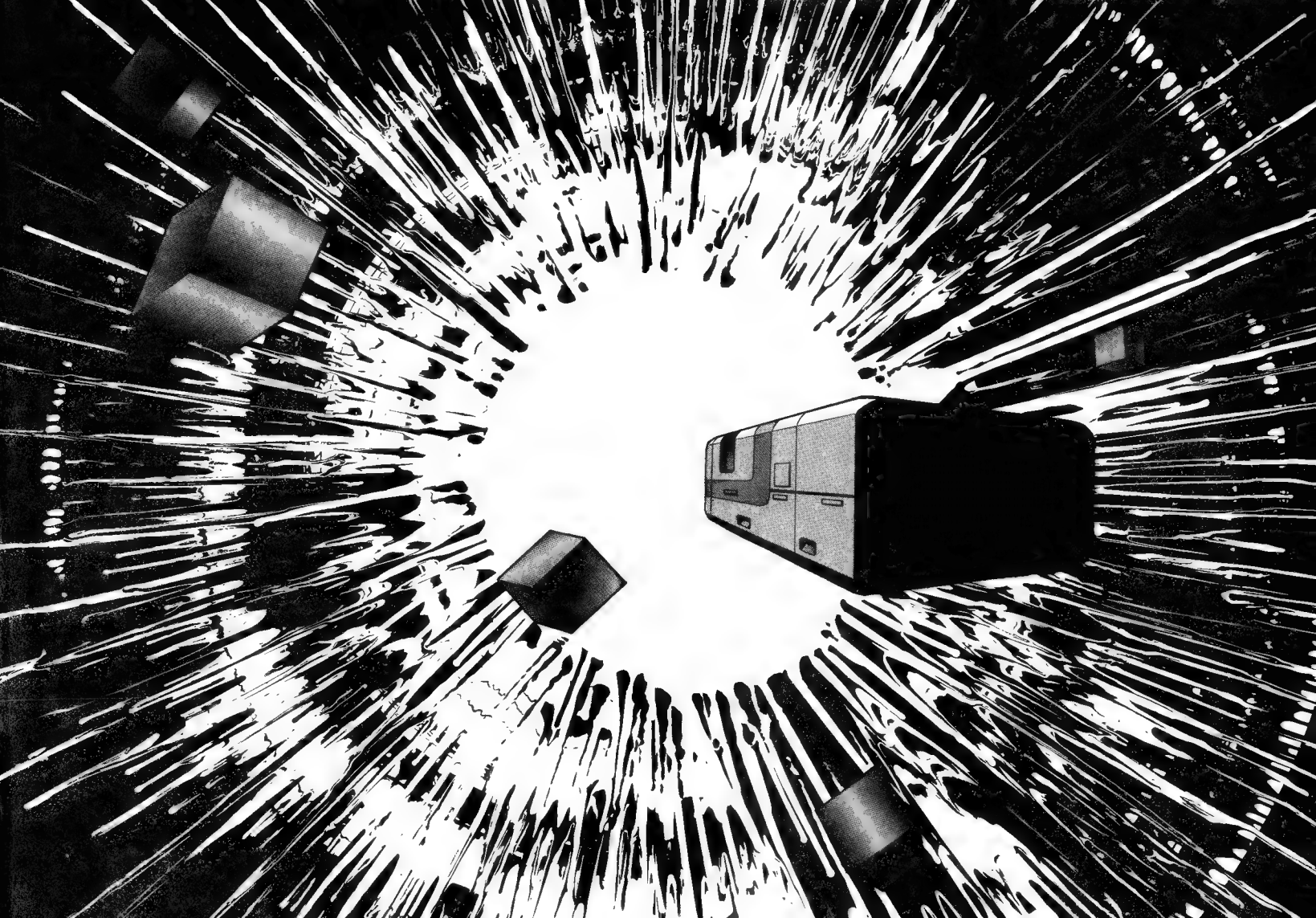


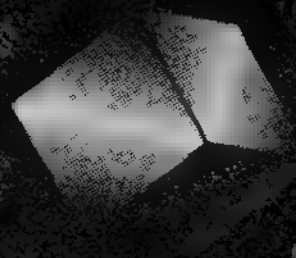
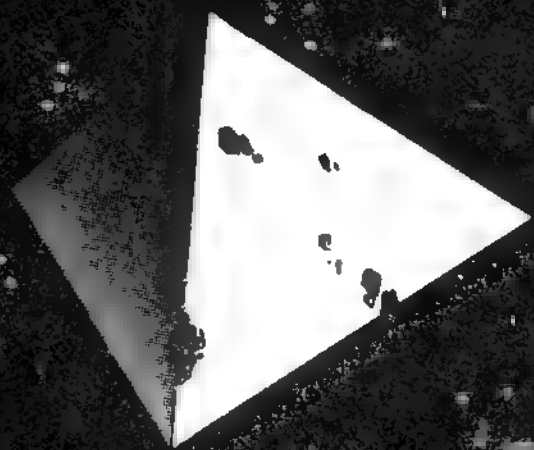
The Lord sees this Eric! His fiery dragons will pursue you till the seas dry up... turn to dust!

You will be damned for all time!

We are *all* damned, Joshua. We were damned the moment we left the soil of Earth. An ultimate sacrilege—assuming the guise of Angels. I pray the Almighty Father has mercy upon our impertinent souls.



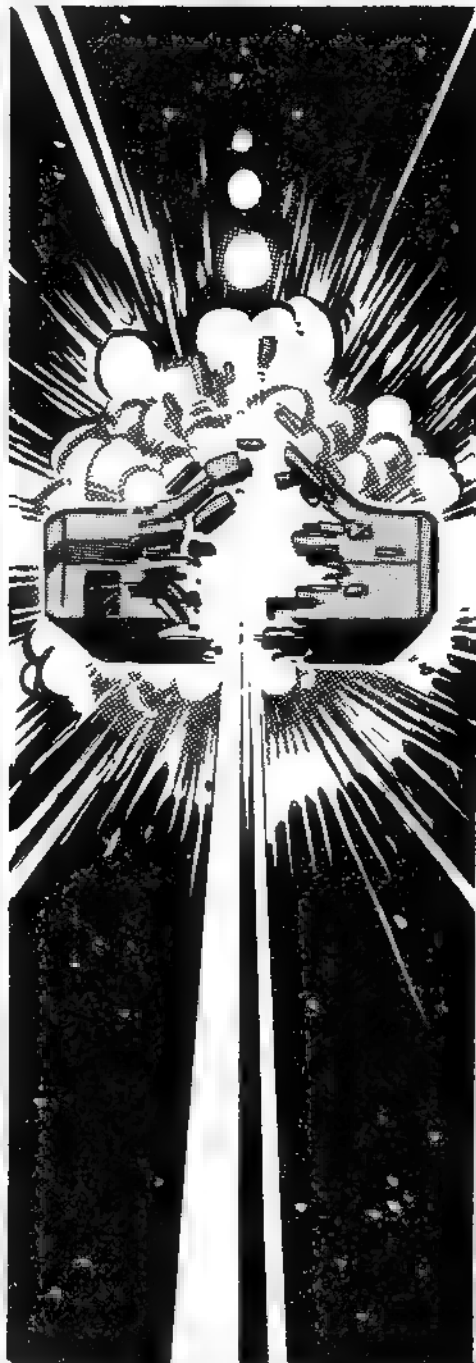


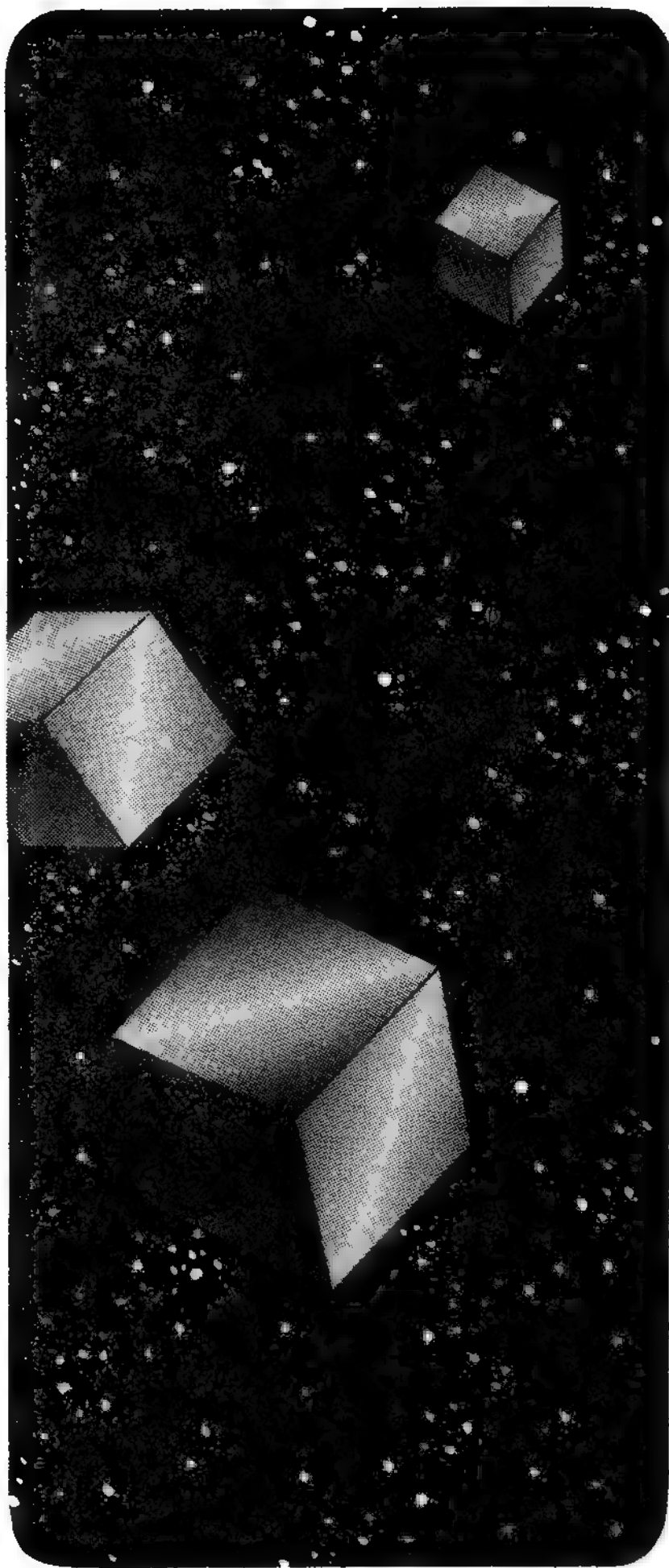


My God! St. Catherines . .
Joan, we are all that is
left — it is all gone!

Sister —
it just
can't be!

Let us
pray, Joan





"The air is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible devils; this Paracelsus stiffly maintains, and that they have every one their several Chaos. If it be true that some of our Mathematicians say: if a stone could fall from the starry heaven or eighth sphere, and should pass every hour an hundred miles, it would be 65 years, or more, before it would come to ground, by reason of the great distance of heaven from earth, which contains, as some say 170 million 803 miles ... how many such spirits may it contain?"

Robert Burton
17th century



IF YOU LOOK, YOU WILL SEE IT...

The QUICKSILVER SERPENT

THE TRAINS WERE ONLY RUNNING ONCE A DAY NOW, WINDING DOWN-- THERE WERE SO FEW TRAVELERS COMING IN.

THE CITY HAD USED UP WHAT IT COULD AND NOW THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT. THERE WAS NOWHERE TO GO. EVEN THE SUN DID NOT STAY... OBSCURED BEHIND CLOUDS THAT GRUDGINGLY PASSED LIGHT. PERHAPS THE RAIN WOULD HELP.

A NICE ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION, eh?

Huh? Oh-- Hi! I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP. THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE?

ONLY IN THEIR MEMORIES COULD THEY SEE THE CROWDS, THE CONSTANT BLUR OF PEOPLE ON THE MOVE... THE CITY THAT ONCE WAS.

MEMORIES BEST FORGOTTEN. WHY DIG UP THE PAST? IT IS BETTER TO LEAVE IT ALONE. AT LEAST THAT'S INTACT.

I'M NOT PLANNING ON STAYING LONG. I COULD ONLY MANAGE A FEW DAYS OFF.

YOU'LL NEED MORE TIME THAN THAT.

IT ALL LOOKS SO WASHED OUT-- IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I'VE BEEN GONE ONLY FIVE YEARS.

WELL, YOU FORGET. IT LOOKS PRETTY MUCH THE SAME, ACTUALLY. DIFFERENT REALITIES AND ALL THAT.

YEAH, THIS IS ALL REAL. ISN'T IT?

C'MON, YOU'RE EXAGGERATING. IT'S NOT SO BAD.

REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE LITTLE AND WE WOULD COME DOWN AND WATCH THE TRAINS?

by STEVE LEIALOHA

LETTERING: TOM ORZECZOWSKI



AND PLAYING ON THESE STREETS... THEY LOOK SO DIFFERENT.

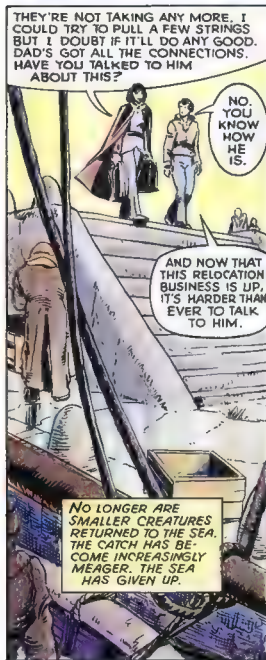
WE HAVEN'T CHANGED 'EM...

YOU *MIGHT* CONSIDER IT.

ACTUALLY, I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT.

CHANGING THE STREETS?

NO, NO, ME CHANGING. GOING BACK TO THE CAPITOL WITH YOU. ENLISTING. EVERYONE'S LEAVING HERE ANYWAY. I MIGHT AS WELL.

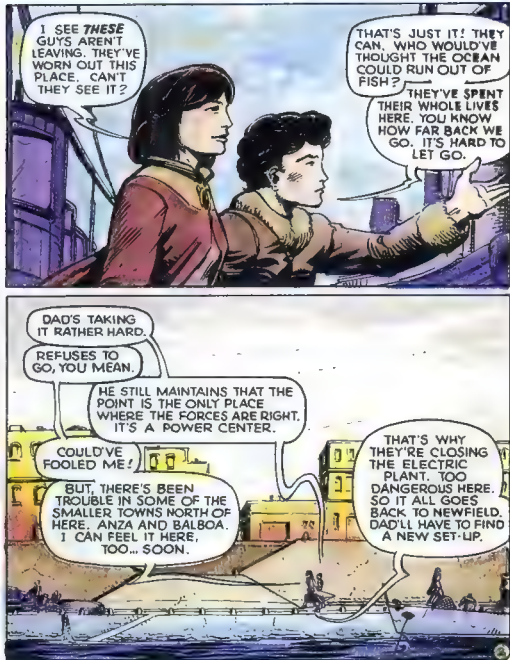


THEY'RE NOT TAKING ANY MORE. I COULD TRY TO PULL A FEW STRINGS BUT I DOUBT IF IT'LL DO ANY GOOD. DAD'S GOT ALL THE CONNECTIONS. HAVE YOU TALKED TO HIM ABOUT THIS?

NO, YOU KNOW HOW HE IS.

AND NOW THAT THIS RELOCATION BUSINESS IS UP, IT'S HARDER THAN EVER TO TALK TO HIM.

NO LONGER ARE SMALLER CREATURES RETURNED TO THE SEA. THE CATCH HAS BECOME INCREASINGLY MEAGER. THE SEA HAS GIVEN UP.



I SEE *THESE* GUYS AREN'T LEAVING. THEY'VE WORN OUT THIS PLACE. CAN'T THEY SEE IT?

THAT'S JUST IT! THEY CAN. WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT THE OCEAN COULD RUN OUT OF FISH?

THEY'VE SPENT THEIR WHOLE LIVES HERE. YOU KNOW HOW FAR BACK WE GO. IT'S HARD TO LET GO.

DAD'S TAKING IT RATHER HARD.

REFUSES TO GO, YOU MEAN.

HE STILL MAINTAINS THAT THE POINT IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THE FORCES ARE RIGHT. IT'S A POWER CENTER.

COULD'VE FOOLED ME!

BUT, THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE IN SOME OF THE SMALLER TOWNS NORTH OF HERE. ANZA AND BALBOA. I CAN FEEL IT HERE, TOO... SOON.

THAT'S WHY THEY'RE CLOSING THE ELECTRIC PLANT. TOO DANGEROUS HERE. SO IT ALL GOES BACK TO NEWFIELD. DAD'LL HAVE TO FIND A NEW SET-UP.

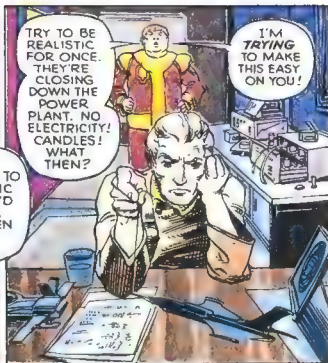


WHY **NOT** MOVE? YOU DON'T NEED THIS TOWN, EVEN THE WEATHER CONSPIRES AGAINST YOU! BESIDES, YOU CAN'T RUN THIS STUFF ON FAITH.

MAYBE YOU CAN'T.

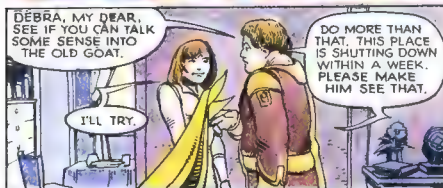
AND YOU CAN'T EITHER. THEY KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THIS STUFF IS. THEY'LL REBUILD!

IT'S ONLY IMPORTANT TO **THEIR** PUBLIC IMAGE. THEY'D DROP IT IN A SECOND GIVEN HALF A CHANCE.



TRY TO BE REALISTIC FOR ONCE. THEY'RE CLOSING DOWN THE POWER PLANT. NO ELECTRICITY! CANDLES! WHAT THEN?

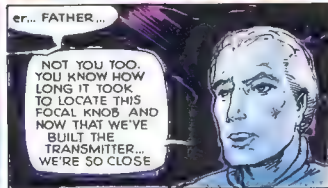
I'M **TRYING** TO MAKE THIS EASY ON YOU!



DEBRA, MY DEAR, SEE IF YOU CAN TALK SOME SENSE INTO THE OLD GOAT.

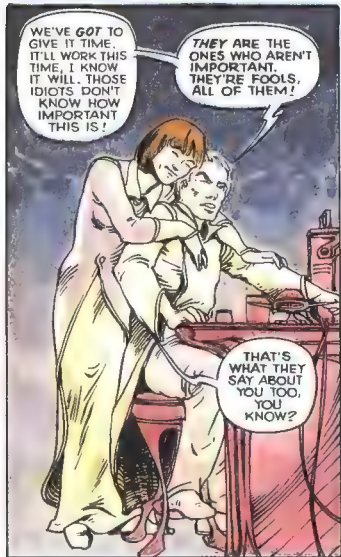
I'LL TRY.

DO MORE THAN THAT. THIS PLACE IS SHUTTING DOWN WITHIN A WEEK. PLEASE MAKE HIM SEE THAT.



er... FATHER...

NOT YOU TOO. YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TOOK TO LOCATE THIS FOCAL KNOB AND NOW THAT WE'VE BUILT THE TRANSMITTER... WE'RE SO CLOSE



WE'VE GOT TO GIVE IT TIME. IT'LL WORK THIS TIME, I KNOW IT WILL. THOSE IDIOTS DON'T KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS!

THEY ARE THE ONES WHO AREN'T IMPORTANT. THEY'RE FOOLS, ALL OF THEM!

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT YOU TOO, YOU KNOW?



THIS ISN'T JUST PURE CONJECTURE ON MY PART. LITTLE BITS AND PIECES... REAL ARTIFACTS. TAKEN AS A WHOLE, THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKING WHAT IS HERE... WHAT HAS BEEN HERE ALL ALONG, RIGHT UNDER OUR VERY NOSES.



BUT DAD, MEN FROM SPACE?

YES! MEN FROM SPACE! WE'RE THOSE MEN FROM SPACE!

I'M NOT A MAN FROM SPACE...

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. BE SERIOUS.

FATHER, I KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU, BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO?

WE'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT AS LONG AS POSSIBLE. AT LAST WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY TO CONTACT THE STARS! IT'S CLEAR THAT SOME TIME IN THE PAST WE HAD THE KNOWLEDGE!

"AND ALL SPACE WAS OURS. YOU SEE, WE WERE THE SO-CALLED **MERCHANTS OF LIGHT** IN OUR INTERSTELLAR VESSELS."

"IT IS THE ONLY EXPLANATION! THEY COLONIZED THE WORLDS! THEY FOUND IDEAL PLANETS AND SETTLED IN..."

"THIS WORLD WAS NOT ALWAYS AS IT IS NOW. IT WAS A BOUNTIFUL PARADISE. PEOPLE COULD LIVE IN HARMONY. IT WAS A PLAYGROUND OF THE GODS..."

I CAN'T SEE HOW WE ARE DESCENDANTS OF THESE PEOPLE...

THEY MUST HAVE HAD A WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR. HAVE YOU BEEN OUTSIDE LATELY?

BUT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE, WE LOST IT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED... SO MUCH HAS BEEN SURPRISED FOR SO LONG THAT WE'VE FORGOTTEN ALL THAT WAS ONCE OURS.



SO THEY TOOK ALL THEIR
TOYS AND WENT AWAY.
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

WELL... THAT'S THE PART I
CAN'T QUITE FIGURE OUT.
WE'VE LOST TOUCH WITH
OUR PAST, OUR HERITAGE,
AND FORGOTTEN WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO LIVE. WE'RE THE
ONE'S WHO'VE SOMEHOW
LOST IT. THEY ARE STILL
OUT THERE WAITING FOR
US TO REACH OUT...

AND THAT'S
JUST WHAT
I'M DOING!

BUT THAT'S
WHY WE CAN'T
STOP NOW! IT'S
RIGHT OUT
THERE! ALL
THAT AND
MORE! ALL I
REALLY WANT
TO DO IS GO
TO THE STARS.
IS THAT TOO
MUCH TO
ASK FOR?

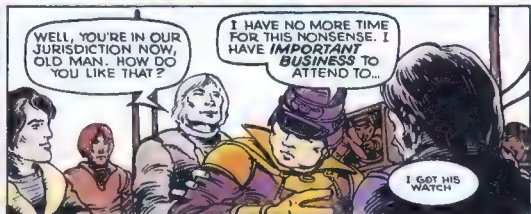
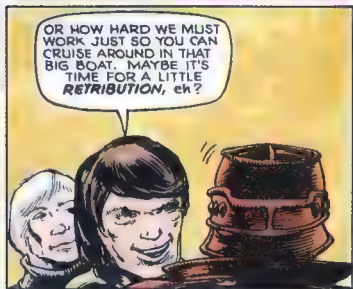
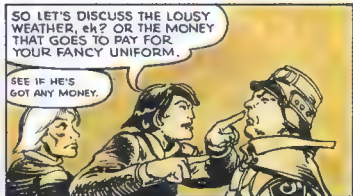
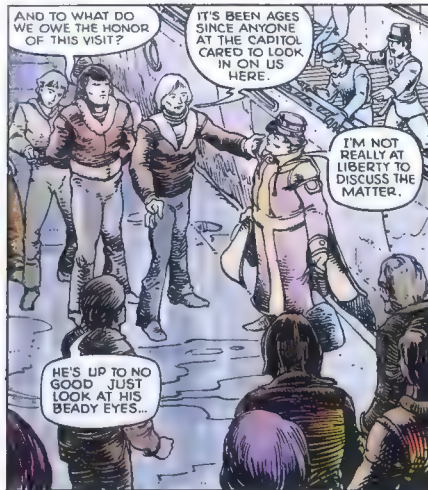
BUT YOU DON'T
REALLY KNOW
THEY'RE OUT THERE.
WHAT IF YOU *NEVER*
TALK WITH THESE
SPACEGUYS,
WHAT THEN?

SO WE
KEEP
TRYING.
THAT'S
WHAT.

BUT TILL THEN,
POPPA, THERE'S
A *REAL* WORLD
OUT THERE AND
WE'RE PART OF
IT. IT'S THEIR
GAME AND WE'VE
GOT TO PLAY IT.
THEY'RE PULLING
THE PLUG AND
THAT'S THAT!

YOU CAN'T
RECAPTURE
THE PAST!







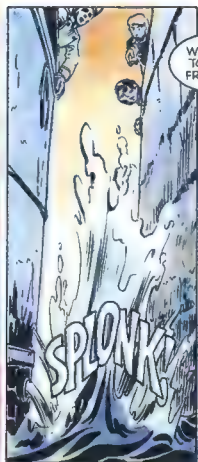
EXCUSE ME



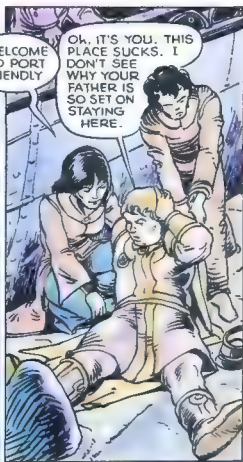
WHAT?



HEY!



WELCOME TO PORT FRIENDLY



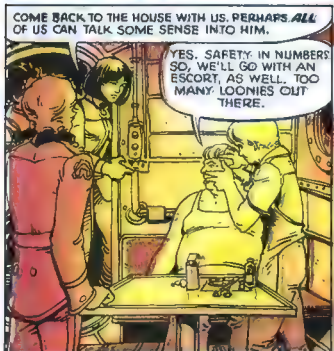
Oh, IT'S YOU. THIS PLACE SUCKS. I DON'T SEE WHY YOUR FATHER IS SO SET ON STAYING HERE.



I TOLD YOU HE LOOKED SNEAKY.

NOT HERE... UP THERE. HE HAS AN EMOTIONAL ATTACHMENT TO THAT POINT.

I'VE HEARD HIS SCREWBALL THEORIES.



COME BACK TO THE HOUSE WITH US. PERHAPS ALL OF US CAN TALK SOME SENSE INTO HIM.

YES. SAFETY IN NUMBERS SO, WE'LL GO WITH AN ESCORT, AS WELL. TOO MANY LOONIES OUT THERE.



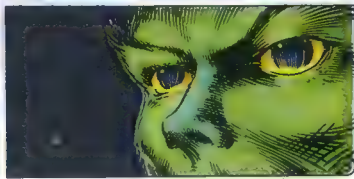
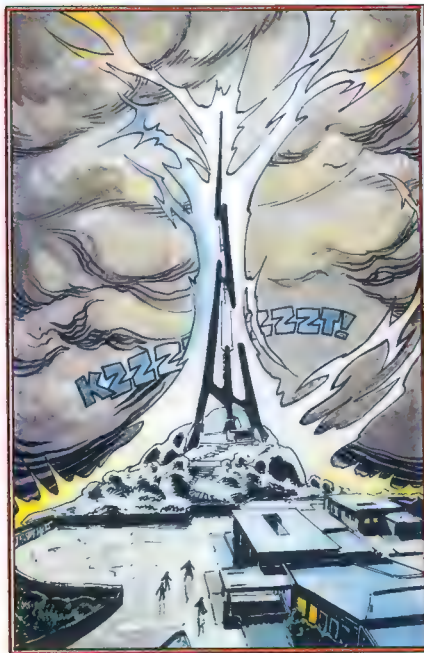
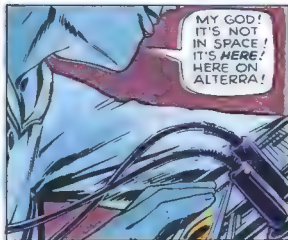
WE'D BETTER GET INSIDE. IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN.

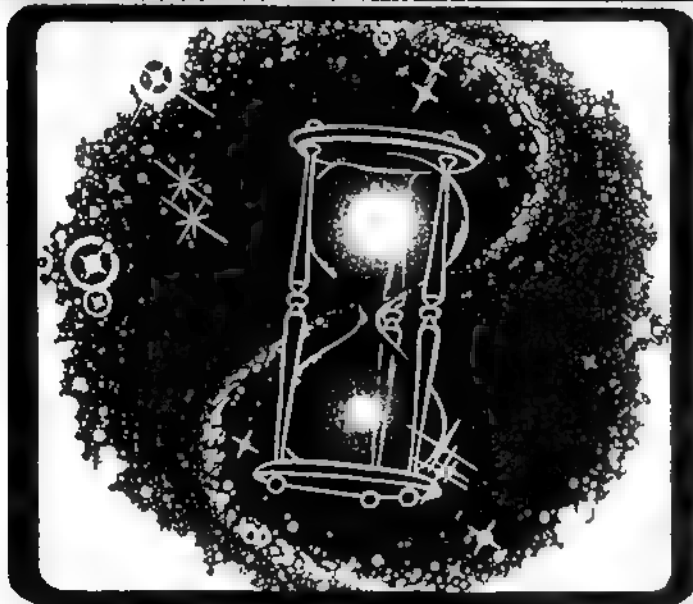
AND SOUNDS LIKE A PARTY! THIS IS HOW HE CONDUCTS GOVERNMENT BUSINESS?

SOMETHING'S WEIRD HERE...

IT'S NOT OFTEN THE QUICKSILVER SERPENT COMES ALIVE...







June, 2153--Emmit, Arizona: A small automated city in a southwestern desert. This is where the Tempus Fugit complex has been established--it is here that mankind hopes to penetrate the barrier of Time.

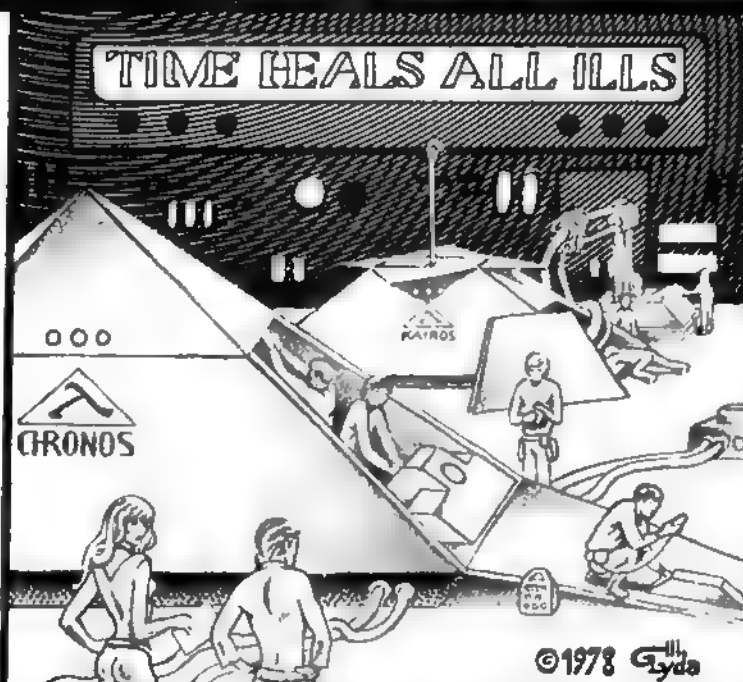
The Future remains forever closed to those who have yet to experience it, but the Past still exists in that has-been world beyond memory...it can be attained.



The first manned Tempcraft, the Lode-star, disappeared into the Past three years ago, never to return.

Undaunted by this failure, Tempus Fugit prepared a second expedition.

A tricky back-up system was devised, involving two Tempcraft--the primary ship, the "Chronos", would carry myself and two others into an indeterminate point in the past...



If a Mishap occurred (if the Chronos failed to return home within the hour, or if we returned with a fatality), the second craft, the "Kairos," would then follow our pastward path, precede our appearance by several hours and intercept us when we arrived, and alert us to abort the mission when we arrived. Both ships would then return to June 13, 2153, thereby averting and nullifying whatever tragedy would have befallen us...

That, at least, was the theory.

Homo Nouveaus, the new silver-skinned, six-fingered species of man that has been emerging in recent times, played an important role in the development of this system.

They'd confidently offered one of their own--Ultra Laberoc--to pilot the Kairos rescue craft, along with Guy Webster, the Homo Sapiens copilot.

The day arrived--both ships were ready to go and so were we....

We entered the Chronos and departed for times unknown....



TEMPUS FUGITE SECOND VENTURE

The Chronos hovered above the changed land. We received no signal from the Kairos. . . Our mission, then, could already be deemed a success.

We set down in a clearing and opened up the ship to a much younger Earth. A heavy ceiling of clouds obscured the sky, filtering the gloomy sunlight--light that had never before touched a member of the human race.

KAIROS, COME IN... CHRONOS TO KAIROS, DO YOU COPY...?

NO REPLY, CAPTAIN. WE'RE HOME FREE!

WELL, STACY, WHERE WOULD YOU DEDUCE WE'VE ENDED UP?

WE'RE IN THE MESOZOIC ERA, JURASSIC PERIOD, PROBABLY THE MALM EPOCH. 140 MILLION YEARS BEFORE OUR TIME, AT LEAST...

AND WE'VE GOT JUST A WEEK TO APPRECIATE IT. SO LET'S GET TO WORK, SHALL WE?

While Mal Azmut set up camp, Anastasia Brieta and I went forth to scout the environs. It turned out to be an eventful excursion....

SKREEE...

THIS IS LIKE... LIKE A FANTASTIC DREAM!

SOME DREAM!
NO FLOWERS, NO SUN,
NO PEOPLE, NO GRASS,
NO SIDEWALKS...

THE SENSORS ARE PICKING UP SOMETHING, PARRY! BIG, ACTIVE... COMING AT APPROX TWENTY KEYS PER HOUR, SPEED INCREASING. HEAR IT? IT SHOULD BE VISIBLE ABOUT...

WHAM
WHUD
CRUNCH

GYARRRGH!

... ABOUT NOW!

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!?

As Stacy valiantly clambered up a tree, I emptied a spray of tranquilizer pellets at the on-rushing monster--enough to knock out a dozen elephants in mid-charge....

....But this thing was no mere elephant stampede. I flung myself aside, appalled as its jaws swept past me, shutting like a thunderclap on empty air!



The Behemoth's lengthy stride could carry it at 35 keys per hour. I could equal that speed for a short time, but the dense forest we were passing through slowed my pace. I plunged on, hoping I was heading toward the Chronos.





UP AHEAD... SOME SORT OF... TUNNEL IN THE VEGETATION... I'M GOING FOR IT... MAYBE I CAN LOSE HIM IN THERE...

The "tunnel" was a dead end! Skeletons cluttered the floor of this dark, cavernous tomb, and my bones would soon be added to it--

Five tons of murderous fury approached.

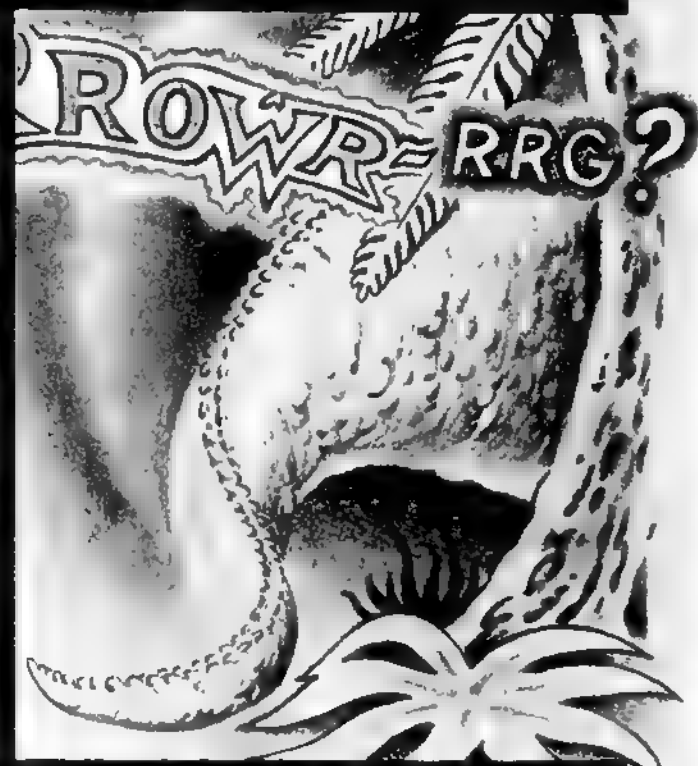


I'M TRAPPED! THERE'S NO WAY OUT...



HE'S COMING IN! BETTER TURN OFF YOUR COMMUNICATORS, FRIENDS-- MY SCREAMS COULD BE EMBARRASSING.

CAPTAIN!



GEOWRR-RRG?



HA HA HAH! OH HO HEE HEE...

GRRRR

SQUEE-EE CHITTER

OOF!

scamper SKULK RUSTLE

THAT'S A SCREAM?



RAKRRR

NO, THAT'S INSANE GIDDY RELIEF. THIS IS A RAT DEN! THOUSANDS OF RATS ARE ATTACKING THE MONSTER! HE CAN'T GET OUT--IT'S TOO NARROW. THEY'RE EATING HIM ALIVE!

I was saved by these voracious little mammals--ancestors of the human race.

Kinship was remote, however. They'd've devoured me as well if my suit hadn't been too tough for their teeth.



Mal and Stacy were waiting for me.

.....

IT'S NOT ONLY A NEW SPECIES, IT'S A NEW GENUS ENTIRELY. BUT THE STRANGEST THING IS WHY DID IT ATTACK YOU? IT'S UNNATURAL FOR ANY ANIMAL TO BEHAVE LIKE THAT.

**MAYBE
HE HAD
RABIES...**

YOU MEAN ASIDE FROM THE HEADACHES, MUSCLE CRAMPS AND NUMBNESS THAT'VE BEEN PLAGUING US LATELY?

GYARRR
HAR-HAR

I HADN'T *THOUGHT* OF IT, BUT YOU'RE *RIGHT*. I SORT OF *DREAD* THE IDEA OF RETURNING TO *OUR* TIME. TOO BAD WE CAN'T *STAY* A BIT LONGER.

WHY CAN'T WE STAY,
PARRY? WE'RE BEYOND
ANYONE'S CONTROL.
COULDN'T WE JUST--

THERE'LL BE NO MORE
TALK LIKE *THAT!* THIS TRIP
IS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
HUMAN RACE AS A *WHOLE*.
NOT JUST *US*. WE'RE *DUTY-*
BOUND TO RETURN.

AWRNNNNNNNN

MAN IS THE DOMINANT
FORCE ON THIS PLANET.
HE *OWNS* IT. HE MIGHT
AS WELL OWN THE
PAST TOO.

**CUT!
PRINT
IT!**

Then, on the day before we were scheduled to pack up and go home, everything fell apart.

EEEEYAHNN.

**THAT'S MAL!
WHERE IS HE?**

AT THE LAGOON
COLLECTING
SPECIMENS.
COME ON!

We found him in a pool of water that'd been reddened by his own blood.

It appeared as though he'd been stabbed to death.



Within every human brain is the brain of a reptile. Our cortex was being melted away until only the reptilian remained. The brain that operates the Chronos had undergone a similar degeneration. It could no longer travel through time.

We had become trapped!

YOU GOT YOUR WISH, STACY...WE'LL BE HERE FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!

BUT WHERE IS THE KAIROS? WHAT GOOD IS A RESCUE SHIP IF IT DOESN'T DO ANY RESCUING?

Days passed and we grew less human--more grotesque. I came to realize that the "monster" who'd attacked us upon our arrival must've been a member of the Kairos crew.

Then, out of the primeval mist....

ULTRA LARBEREC!!

"I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me."

Your Shakespeare wrote that, Captain. It gains an added significance here, don't you agree?

YOU LET THISSS HAPPEN! THE KAIROSSS WASSS BUILT TO PREVENT IT!!

I brought this ship here a month before yours arrived. Ultras are immune to these atavistic changes, but my copilot became reptilian quite soon -- he informed me that he would seek you out and kill you all -- to save you from his curse.

I see he was an successful.

BUT YOU WERE SSSUPPOSED TO SSSAVE USSS!!!

Time will not permit such caprice... Skipping back and forth through the years isn't possible. Once in the past, there can be no returning to the future: it hasn't happened yet.

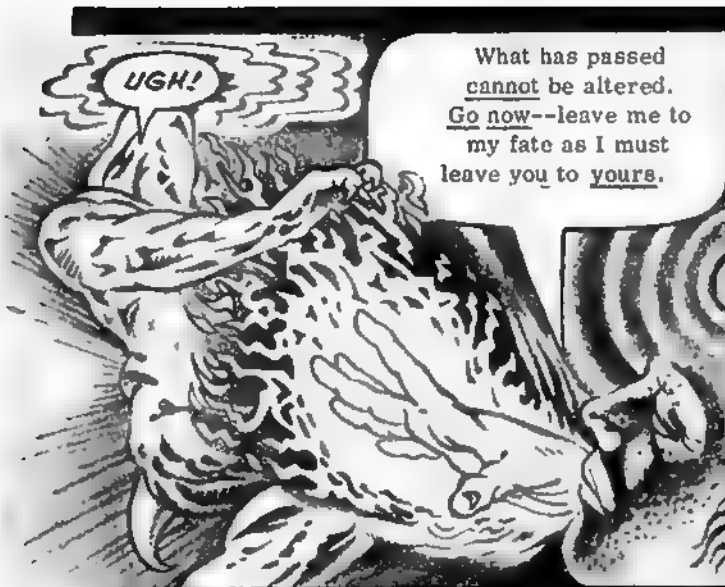
You see, the only way to enter tomorrow and beyond is by... Patience.

Circumstances justified this regrettable deception. We Ultras have a task to fulfill.

AND SSSO HAVE I!!!

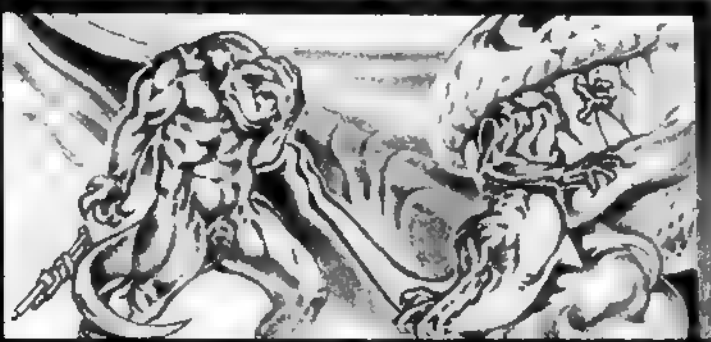
PARRY, SSSSTOP!

SSSSSO... WE HAVE BEEN USSSED! YOU FILTHY, SSSILVER, SSSIX-FINGERED BASSSTARD!!

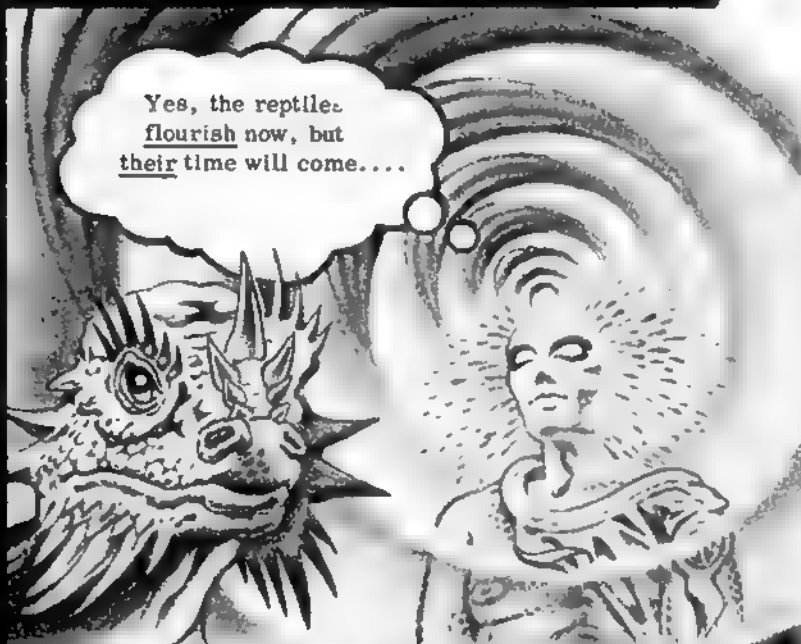


What has passed
cannot be altered.
Go now--leave me to
my fate as I must
leave you to yours.

More days have drifted by. Some human essence
remains but it will soon be gone. We are chaos,
between classes--no longer mammals, not yet rep-
tiles. Stacy has accepted the inevitable--she
belongs. But I refuse to be absorbed into this mon-
strous scheme. There's only one escape from
this hapless body.



I will extinguish myself while I still possess the
will to do so. I'll go as Mal did at the lagoon--to
be made extinct by things which will themselves
soon be extinct. The Nautiloids will finish me.
I don't belong--I can depart no other way.



Yes, the reptile.
flourish now, but
their time will come....



The sun breaks
through-- it is
the beginning of
the end for the
Archosaurs.



Just a few more
hundred thousand
centuries and my
task will be
accomplished...

No!
That meteor
shouldn't hit
here!



BLADOOOM

TIME WAS, IS PAST--THOU CANST NOT IT RECALL.
TIME IS, THOU HAST--EMPLOY THE PORTION SMALL.
TIME FUTURE, IS NOT--AND MAY NEVER BE.
TIME PRESENT IS THE ONLY TIME FOR THEE.

... BUT THE PAST CAN BE
RECLAIMED. "TIME PRESENT" IS
NOT LIMITED TO THIS FLEETING
INSTANT-- IT SPANS THE
ETERNITY THAT HAS PRECEDED
US, AND IS WAITING TO OFFER
AN INFINITE SELECTION
OF "PRESENTS"...

TEMPUS FUGIT

TIME HEALS ALL ILLS

2ND
GENESIS

INTREPID
CREW OF
"SECOND GENESIS,"
RETURN NOW
TO THE ORIGINS
OF OUR KIND
AND KNOW
THAT THE GREAT
VALUE OF YOUR
ENDEAVOR IS
BEYOND
ESTIMATION.

... OUR PATH HAS BEEN
STRICKEN WITH TRAGIC
SACRIFICES, AND OUR GOAL
HAS BEEN ELUSIVE. HOWEVER,
SUCCESS IS OUR DESTINY, AND
TODAY WILL OPEN A NEW
ERA IN HUMAN HISTORY...

GENESIS REVISITED

©1978 Lyda

WE MADE IT!
MANKIND'S BIRTH-
PLACE: THE GREAT
RIFT VALLEY, EAST
AFRICA--THREE
MILLION B.C.!

IF OUR EARLIEST
ANCESTORS ARE
HERE, WE'LL FIND
THEM. SEE YOU LATER,
ULTRA TATUM.

Transmit your
progress reports to me
regularly -- and please
exercise caution.

WEST:

FOR THE RECORD, THIS IS TAMARA MALONE WITH LAMINA TUTTLE, CHANGING COURSE TO WEST BY SOUTH-WEST... APPROACHING AN EXTENSIVE LAKE...

WHOOOSH

Very well, Ms. Malone. Keep me informed.

HUMMMMMMMMM... BLIP BIP

I THINK I SEE SOMETHING... YES-- THERE! TAKE US DOWN, TAMMY!

ULTRA TATUM, WE'RE WATCHING A GROUP OF SMALL HUMANS ON THE LAKE SHORE. THEY'RE ALL FEMALE--AND THEY'VE GOT CRABS!

Exceptionally perceptive of you, Ms. Malone.

HA-HA... NOPE, TRUE STORY, UL! NOT ONLY THAT, THEY'VE ALSO GOT TAILS. GOOD LOOKING ONES, TOO.

BUT NOT AS NICE AS YOURS, LAMMY. ANYWAY, WE NEED MORE DIRECT OBSERVATION--ONE OF US OUGHTTA GO DOWN THERE WITH THEM.

WELL, I'M SMALLER SO I GUESS I'M ELECTED. Hmmm, CLOTHES DON'T SEEM THE NORM HERE...

GOOD THING I KEPT UP MY TAN...

I'VE NOTICED. STILL, YOU'RE A NO-TAIL FREAK HERE, BUT MAYBE YOU'LL PASS. TAKE CARE, HONEYBUN.

WEST:

Ultra Tatum to
Tamara Malone...
May I have your
status report please?

THE LAKESIDE LADIES
HAVE ACCEPTED TUTTLE...
SHE'S BEEN DIPPING
IN THE LAKE
WITH THEM...

WOWERS! THAT
WATER MUST BE PRICE-
LESS. TUTTLE'S HAIR'S BE-
COME RADIANT, SHE'S
GETTING ENORMOUSLY
TOPHEAVY, AND--

I DON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER,
UL' TATUM. I'M GOING FOR
A CLOSER LOOK. I'LL TRY
TO BE INCONSPICUOUS.

SPLISH
SPLASH

--SHE'S, uh,
GROWING
A TAIL!

Are you
entirely certain,
Tamara?

Could you tell
me what's happening
now, Ms. Malone?

TUTTLE AND SOME
OF THE OTHER LADIES
ARE RIDING AROUND
ON THE CRABS...

LISTEN, TATUM-- NOW
EVERYONE'S LEFT. IT'S
JUST HER ALONE ON THE
BEACH WITH THE CRABS.
MUST I STILL KEEP
WATCHING?

What
exactly is
she doing,
Tamara?

GGRCH!
T-TWIP

SHE'S EATING
A GIANT BANANA...
NOW EVEN THE
CRABS ARE GOING
AWAY...

Maintain surveillance,
Let me know when her
tail, etcetera, go away too.

THIS JOB
DOES HAVE ITS
STIFLING ASPECTS...
I'D MUCH RATHER
BE FROLICKING
WITH LAMINA...
ESPECIALLY
NOW--

SHE'S BECOME
LIKE A DREAM...

SNURK

NORTH

THIS IS MONTGOMERY LESNAH AND ELIOT VALDEZ, HEADING TOWARD MAGNETIC NORTH... MYSTERIOUS FLASHES EMANATING FROM THE SIDE OF A SMOLDERING PEAK... WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO INVESTIGATE...

THE BOGY COMES FROM AN ORIFICE IN THE VOLCANO'S SOUTH FACE...

THERE IT GOES AGAIN, MONTY!

Permission granted, Mr. Lesnah -but don't stay away long. Return to your floater and report to me within a half-hour.

KLIK-ZZZZ!

WILL DO, TATUM. NORTHERN TEAM OVER AND OUT.

ULTRA TATUM, WE'VE REACHED A NARROW PASSAGE. REQUESTING PERMISSION TO ABANDON THE FLOATER AND PROCEED ON FOOT.

THERE'S A LIGHT! BUT FIRE WON'T BE CONTROLLED BY MAN FOR ANOTHER TWO MILLION YEARS, AT LEAST!

HUH?

Well, hello there! Come closer, gentlemen. So nice to have visitors in so remote a place. Do come closer, erip? please!



Brup...

PARDON ME, SIR--
YOU SEEM TO KNOW
US, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE
WE'VE EVER MET YOU.



Ok, WOW,
GREAT-- YOU
ARE REAL!

TWINKLE



Breep

Brip?

YOU'RE GOD? THE
SUPREME DEITY? THE
HOLY CREATOR? THE
KLUTZ WHO STARTED
THIS WHOLE MESS?
YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON!

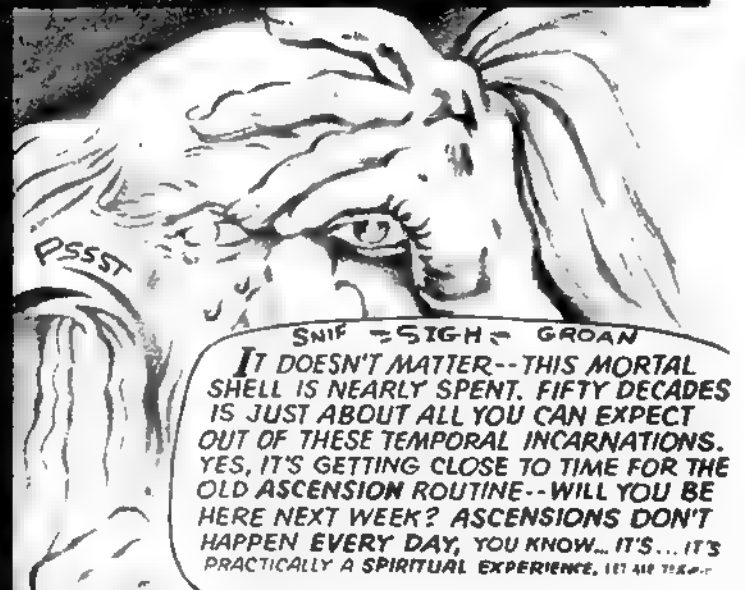


Brooop!

IT'S OKAY,
MONTY'S ALWAYS
BEEN TOO CYNICAL--
BUT I BELIEVE
YOU!

LUNGE!

ZZZT-PPH!



SNIF = SIGH = GROAN
IT DOESN'T MATTER-- THIS MORTAL
SHELL IS NEARLY SPENT. FIFTY DECADES
IS JUST ABOUT ALL YOU CAN EXPECT
OUT OF THESE TEMPORAL INCARNATIONS.
YES, IT'S GETTING CLOSE TO TIME FOR THE
OLD ASCENSION ROUTINE-- WILL YOU BE
HERE NEXT WEEK? ASCENSIONS DON'T
HAPPEN EVERY DAY, YOU KNOW... IT'S... IT'S
PRACTICALLY A SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE, LET AND THANK--

EAST:

NELIA JEGGER AND GUTHRIE ADDISON REPORTING FROM A LUSH TROPICAL FOREST. WILD-LIFE IS UNBELIEVABLY ABUNDANT AND VARIED...

YES, IT'S ALMOST LIKE A GARDEN OF EDEN!



THE VEGETATION IS JUST **TOO** THICK, UL' TATUM. GUTH AND I'LL HAVE TO CONTINUE **WITHOUT** THE FLOATER-- THAT'LL PUT US OUT OF TOUCH FOR A BIT.

Approved, Ms. Jeggar, but don't get lost... please report back within the hour.

I HEAR VOICES AHEAD, NELLI...

OK, GUTH! COULD WE HAVE DISCOVERED OUR PRIMAL ANCESTORS?




THESE ARE THE "APE-FOLK" OF OUR PAST-- THE ORIGINAL "ADAM-AND-EVES"?

GUTH... DO YOU NOTICE SOMETHING... **UNUSUAL** ABOUT THESE PEOPLE?




EAST:




NELLI! NONE OF THEM HAS BELLY-BUTTONS OR-- uh--


YEAH! I NOTICED...



NO UMBILICUS MEANS NO UMBILICAL CORD, MEANING THEY WEREN'T **BORN**-- AT LEAST, NOT IN THE **NORMAL** WAY.



AND, IF THEY'RE ASEXUAL, THEN HOW COME **OUR** TIME IS SO OVER-POPULATED? AND HOW--?



WHAT THE-- **HEY!**



WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED!

GUTH!--DO YOU SUPPOSE...? IS IT POSSIBLE THAT...? COULD IT BE...?



AH, YESSS! YOU'RE JUST WHAT THIS DREARY GARDEN HAS BEEN LACKING: **CURIOSITY!**

SOUTH

RICH AND MARLU LINC, HERE. WE'VE STUMBLED UPON A BAND OF HOMINIDS TRAVELING DUE NORTH. THEY HAVEN'T NOTICED US AS YET...

See that you remain concealed, Mr. Linc. Can you identify the species?

THEY MUST BE "GRACILE AUSTRALOPITHECINES," ULTRA TATUM...

NOT NECESSARILY, DARLING-- THEY COULD BE "HOMO HABILIS," OR EVEN AN EARLY FORM OF "HOMO ERECTUS"...

...OR *MAYBE* THEY'RE-- *RICHIE!* DO YOU SEE IT?

UL' TATE, A SHIMMERING SPHERE HAS JUST **APPEARED** ABOVE THE UNIDENTIFIED HOMINIDS! IMAGES ARE FORMING INSIDE...

THIS IS **INCREDIBLE**, ULTRA TATUM! A PILE OF OBJECTS HAS JUST **MATERIALIZED** BELOW THE SPHERE!

A HAT, A TRUMPET, A FRISBEE, AN UMBRELLA, SANDALS...

THEY ARE ALL MODERN ARTIFACTS-- THIS IS SCARCELY BELIEVABLE! THE BAND IS GETTING **VERY** INTERESTED. THIS CARRIES WITH IT SOME **HEAVY IMPLICATIONS...**!

TO BE CONTINUED

LETTERS

Dear Mike,

Star*Reach #12 was great. "Sacred & Profane" is great. So great I must suggest something which will be anathema to you: let the S*R issues with "S&P" go out of print and issue "S & P" as an all-color special.

"S & P" deserves the color — also it needs it! The one flaw in the story is character identification. Color coding the various characters would cure this. Another flaw is that the type-print text is too small and difficult to read. In a reprint it could be done larger, I hope.

"Sacred and Profane" is so VERY special that it deserves the special treatment.

Howard Leroy Davis
38 Simpson Avenue
Pitman, NJ 08071

(Dean Motter and Ken Steacy have discussed with me about compiling their series (probably in a more fleshed-out form) into a single book. I think the idea is a great one, but whether Star*Reach will be involved in it remains to be seen. There are a lot of financial constraints. In the meantime, check out the color "epilog" or "parallelog" to Sacred and Profane" in STAR*REACH #14, in color. —MF)

Hello —

It's funny, I write letters of comment to DC and Marvel on a regular basis but I never have to S*R/QUACK — probably because I feel you are a more clique-ish in-group bunch of folks who wouldn't value my opinion. But QUACK #6 contained a request for comments, so . . .

I feel that STAR*REACH has lost its open-door quality. It is a technically better mag (art wise) because of this . . . but I'm just an anarcho-hippy — I don't like the "cult of personality" as the Maoists call it. I love Lee Marris' stuff (especially Nikki and Logan) because she is so FREE. Sure Neal Adams is a better draftsman, but so what? My bottom-line fear is that S*R will get so "professional" that it will attain the piggish snobbery of HEAVY METAL.

SUGGESTION (you asked for it!): y'know, a lotta times the editorial page on your mags is 1/2 or more empty. Why not (oh go ahead and laugh now) run a loc or 2 — or excerpts from or responses to letters from readers? There! That'll give letterhacks like me something to look forward to, it'll increase the amount of feedback you get and, by not wasting paper, it'll be ecological as all get-out. As an ex-locer yourself, maybe you can see that it was the wonderfully informal letters pages in Marvel, particularly in the late 1960's that gave fans a sense of "belonging". My feeling that S*R is "ingroup and cliqueish" doesn't actually stem from a lack of a letters page of course, but if you really DO desire feedback, in other words if you WANT readers to write you, you'll have to let them know you're into it. I certainly don't feature a whole PAGE of locs in S*R, but when you can run them, why not?

Cat Ironwode
Rt. 1, Box 43
Mountain Grove, MO 65711

(Here it is, Cat. I couldn't resist your appeal. I hope this first printing of letters will inspire others of you-all to write some intelligent comments or suggestions yourselves. MF)

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